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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## Fanwood Eighty Years Ago

From Harper's Magazine, August, 1873.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, in that part of Manhattan Island known as Washington Heights, stands the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. This school, now in its fifty-fourth year, has grown to be the largest and probably the most complete establishment of its kind in the world.

Leaving the city by way of the Hudson River Railroad from Thirtieth Street, we stop at the station in One Hundred and Fifty-second Street, which is also called Carmanville. A pleasant drive of half a mile brings us to the eastern entrance of the grounds. It is now some nineteen years since the school was moved from its former location in Fifth Street to this spot. With prudent forethought, ample grounds were then secured at a comparatively small expense, thirty-seven and a half acres having been purchased for not much over one hundred thousand dollars. Since that time the value of real estate in the upper part of the island has advanced so much that nine and a half acres of this land were sold in May, 1870, for two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars. The sum thus realized frees the institution from debt, and enabled it to make certain long-desired improvements.

As we drive along the pleasant, winding avenue after entering the grounds, we soon discover through the trees some of the buildings of the establishment. Passing the mansion of Dr. Harvey L. Peet, the late venerated principal, we come to the heart of the school, where the present principal, we come in sight of the workshops, standing apart in the rear of the main building, and also of the school-house, which is joined to it by covered corridors. Here we observe groups of the children playing merrily about the dogs, some jumping rope, and some busy with various other sports. And now, having passed the south wing and turned northward, we pause in front of the main edifice.

We must delay a moment before entering to notice the magnificent view of the beautiful Hudson, half a mile and a half wide, is, of course, the first and finest thing we see. We are just opposite the southern extremity of the Palisades whose rugged outlines and wood-crowned summits are perfectly reflected in the calm waters below. White sails dot the surface of the broad, tranquil river, while here and there the trailing smoke and the shining wake of some steamer catches the eye. Yet the river lies far below us. It is not less than one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular from the spot where we stand to the water's edge. Even the track of the railway, which runs along a terrace of the precipitous bank, is away down out of sight. And now, turning away from the broad, sunny lawn that stretches before the buildings and groups of noble forest trees that surround it, let us go in.

The general appearance of the edifice is stately and imposing. The main building fronts west; it is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and fifty or more in width. The two principal wings extend at right angles with it at the north and south ends respectively, and are joined to the central edifice by towers at the corners. There are three stories above the basement. The material is chiefly brick, with granite finishings.

We enter a fine, lofty hall, some twenty feet by thirty-five, which intersects a corridor running lengthwise of the building. Just beyond the intersection, in an octagonal space which, like the hall itself, is lined with glass cases containing a fine cabinet of the central staircase. The reception room, which is also the library, is at the left hand of the entrance; the parlor is upon the right. The private apartments of the superintendent and some other officers occupy the southern portion of this floor, while the northern is devoted to offices. Upon the second floor are the teachers' apartments and the guest-chambers; the third floor is used for an infirmary.

The south wing is occupied by the girls, the north by the boys. On the first floor of each there is an immense room more than a hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, where the pupils study or play in the evenings, or whenever they are not occupied elsewhere. In the girls' room there are sewing-machines; and as the girls are there taught at certain times to do their mending, the apartment is often called the sewing-room. At the east end of these apartments are passages leading to the school-rooms, and also communicating with the dining-room, as well as stairs leading to the dormitories above.

Besides the two wings already described, there is a third, extending into a court from the centre of the main building, to which it is joined by a sort of isthmus. In the first story of this central wing, and directly above the kitchen, is the pupils' dining-room, which is about seventy feet in length by sixty in breadth. On the floor above is the chapel. Having thus glanced at the general plan of the establishment, and finding ourselves attracted to further investigation by the universal air of neatness and good taste, let us set out learning precisely what the State of New York does to educate her deaf-mutes.

There are generally about five hundred and fifty pupils here, and thirty teachers. Of the latter, some twelve or fifteen are themselves deaf-mutes, educated here, and possessing, of course, certain special qualifications for their work. Most of those who instruct the advanced classes are hearing persons, and several of them are gentlemen of liberal education who are called professors. The head of the educational department, Professor Isaac Lewis Peet, is a gentleman of fine culture and eminent skill in the difficult work to which he has devoted his life. He is said to be the most accomplished master of sign language in the world. His honored father, the late Dr. Harvey L. Peet, was one of the pioneers in

deaf-mute instruction in the United States, having been appointed principal of this school as early as 1831. His earnest appeals to the Legislature in behalf of indigent mutes secured the liberal appropriations now bestowed upon this unfortunate class. The text-books used in their instruction almost everywhere in this country were prepared by him. He died last New Year's Day, and his funeral services were held in the chapel of the institution.

The superintendent, who has the oversight of all business affairs, family arrangements, and sanitary matters, is Dr. Samuel D. Brooks, a gentleman of eminent ability and long experience in the management of large institutions. Previous to his acceptance of this position, in April, 1871, he had been for twelve years the superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum; and, still earlier, was for five years at the head of the State Asylum at Monson, Massachusetts. Under his skillful supervision important improvements in the heating, ventilating and sewerage of the establishment have been made; and the most careful attention is bestowed upon everything relating to the health and comfort of the household.

The ordinary course of instruction occupies five years, during which the pupils gain enough knowledge of language to express themselves intelligently in writing, acquire something of arithmetic and geography, and is taught the great truths of religion in which all Christians agree, together with an outline of Scripture history. At the close of this period as many as two-thirds of the pupils enter upon a further course of three years, during which special attention is paid to the more difficult forms of the English language, to history, higher geography, higher arithmetic, and select portions of the Bible. Still further opportunities are afforded in what is called the "high class" for pupils who are unusually bright and industrious. Its course occupies three years more; and pupils who complete it, in addition to a more extended acquaintance with the English language, obtain some knowledge of algebra, physiology, chemistry, natural philosophy, logic, rhetoric, and moral science.

A very large majority of the pupils are beneficiaries of the State which provides for the education of all her deaf-mutes from the ages of twelve and twenty-five, if they are not taught by their parents. Between the ages of six and twelve, also, if already a charge for maintenance upon any county or town, may be sent to the institution at the expense of such county or town. The fifty-third annual report shows that on September 30, 1871, three hundred and forty-seven were supported by the State of New York, one hundred and thirty-eight by the counties to which they belonged, thirty-two by the State of New Jersey, and five hundred and thirty pupils had been received heretofore.

We must not infer, however, that almost all of these pupils come from homes of poverty. Many of them belong to respectable families who could provide comfortably for the needs of ordinary children at home, though they are not able to pay out of their own pockets the cost of their education. It costs here about three hundred dollars a year for each pupil, besides clothing and traveling expenses. This, however, includes medical attendance, medicine, and nursing in sickness, as well as books and stationery. If desired, clothing is also furnished at an additional charge of fifty dollars a year.

The school-house is of the same dimensions as the central edifice, and stands directly at the rear of it, at the distance of nine or ten rods. In approaching it, we pass through the corridors forming a communication between the eastern extremities of the three wings into similar corridors running at right angles with these, which lead to the school-rooms. The three floors all have the same plan, a hall running lengthwise through the centre, with five classrooms on each side. The French room, which, like the third story, has been recently added, affords an additional dormitory, accommodating one hundred and fifty boys. And, by-the-way, it appears the boys here commonly outnumber the girls in the portion of three to two. This disparity is not found among congenial mutes, about as many girls as boys being born deaf. The predominance of boys among those made deaf by sickness or accident, is supposed to be due to their greater exposure, and perhaps to a greater liability in infancy to certain forms of disease.

So much individual instruction is needed by deaf-mute pupils that it is not expedient to have a large number in one class. We shall seldom find more than twenty in a room; and if we catch the process of instructing them, we shall be satisfied that twenty such pupils are quite enough.

In describing how they are taught, perhaps I cannot do better than simply to relate what I observed in some of my own visits to various classes while spending a week or two in the institution. If I had thought of it beforehand, I might have attempted a systematic visitation, beginning where the new-comers begin. But as it happened, no programme was marked out for me; and so, without much idea of what I was about to see, I found myself one bright morning in the class-room of Miss —, a deaf-mute teacher. On her desk, as I received her great cordiality, and a very kind greeting was written upon the pocket-slate which educated mutes usually keep at hand.

A curious sense of personal inability comes over one who knows nothing of the sign-language, even of the manual alphabet, in witnessing the animated conversations that are so mysteriously carried on by these accomplished fingers. One's hands are fain to hide out of sight. As the fair blue at their own incompetency, and as the teacher proceeded to introduce me to her young pupils, probably spelling my name, and adding whatever else she thought proper, I had plenty of time to sur-

vey them in my turn. This is a slight consolation to benighted visitors who do not know the manual alphabet. While they are supposed to be announcing your name and residence, according to the customary formula, you may cogitate at your leisure; and while they are spelling out a sentence or two about you, you can think a page about them, if you like.

I found this school-room much like other well-appointed school-rooms, neatly furnished, light and airy. It had its rows of little desks and chairs, occupied by boys and girls, perhaps twelve or thirteen years old, who looked much like other children. But there is one peculiar feature about all these school-rooms which must not fail to name. Three sides of the apartment are invariably furnished with immense slates, serving the purpose of blackboards, but far better and more durable. In size they are, perhaps, four feet by three, and they are firmly mounted in a substantial frame-work which supports them at a slight angle with the wall, and at a convenient height from the floor. Every scholar has his wall-slate; for whatever he learns, whether by signs or by finger-spelling, must be put in writing as well. A double slate for the teacher's use stands upon the remaining side of the room.

By this time our little friends were ready to say something to their visitors. A dozen or fifteen crayons were set in motion, and as many mammoth slates quickly displayed the words, "We are happy to see Mrs. Brooks and her friend." Afterward they wrote their own names and ages, the day of the week, the day of the month and year, and other items which I do not recall.

The text-book used during the first half dozen years of their education is Dr. Peet's *Course of Instruction for the Deaf and Dumb*. This manual embodies the results of a very extensive and successful experience in the education of deaf-mutes, and is the textbook of most similar schools. Anybody who has a propensity for digging after the roots of things in general will find it a real curiosity in the philosophical line, possibly in the psychological line too. Philosophers have debated a good deal whether primal matter developed his nouns first or his interjections, but unluckily none of them were there to see, and so nobody can say whether the "Bow-wow theory" or the "Pooh-pooh theory" is right. But in educating these deaf-mutes of human beings, to whom there is no vernacular among all the languages under the sun, it would seem that some little light must have been thrown upon the subject—enough to suggest fresh speculation, if nothing more.

The next day it happened that there was an examination of several primary classes in the chapel. It was not a public occasion, but merely an exercise designed to test the progress made, and to accustom the young pupils to be questioned in presence of the whole school, never before in the chapel, and never before had been thus examined the preceding week, and these came next in order.

At eleven o'clock we seated ourselves in front of the platform which occupies the east end of the spacious chapel. The seats rise one above another from the front of the chapel, being constructed with special care to secure for each of the spectators—we can not say audience—an unobstructed view of the platform and the array of wall-slates behind it. The principal was present to conduct the examination, and also the various teachers and assistants. The primary department embraces pupils who are in Part First of the *Course of Instruction*. This portion of the course requires from two or three years. The ages of the pupils examined ranged from nine or ten years up to fourteen. Each instructor furnished a brief report of the ground that had been gone over by his class.

In order to give some idea of their advancement, I quote one or two statements of a similar nature from the annual report of the superintendent, to classes of about the same standing with these. Here is an outline of the attainments of a class two years in school: "They have learned between three and four hundred words, embracing names of familiar objects, qualities and actions, and have been instructed in many simple sentences. They have been taught the singular and plural of nouns, the actual and habitual present tenses, of the verb, a few adverbs, and the conjunction and; they can count and write numbers to 100; they have committed to memory the first section of Scripture Lessons (on the attributes of God), and the Lord's Prayer."

Another, further advanced, had studied "Elementary Lessons from 139th to 213th, embracing the definite articles; the tense of the substantive verb, *is, has, been, will be, etc.*; classification of names according to sex; pronouns, with their cases and numbers; the preposition of, denoting position, parts of a whole, etc.; the verb to have, in the two senses of property and possession; impersonal verbs; auxiliaries *can, may, must*; the infinitive mood, and the conjunction *that*. Elementary geography from a map, without text-book, and elementary arithmetic. They write letters to their friends about once a month, bestirring little narratives, etc." Scripture Lessons, sections 5th to 7th.

Various interesting exercises were written upon the wall-slate by successive classes, only one of which I will detail as a specimen. It was a lesson on certain forms of verbs. The teacher, a deaf-mute gentleman, wrote upon a wall-slate, in a fine, cursive hand, the rather startling direction, "Go and ask Mr. Cooke if he likes apple-pie." Possibly the little folks standing upon the platform, beneath the gaze of five hundred pairs of eyes, were somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected command; and a little girl who was dispatched to put the question to the professor, made a mistake in changing its form from indirect to direct. Upon this, a bright boy named Eckhard, leaving the platform, approached Professor Cooke, and spelled with his fingers, "Do you like apple-pie?"

The professor having responded by certain lively gesticulations which appeared

to convey a decided negative, the teacher wrote upon the slate, "What did Eckhard do?" The answer, it will be observed, involves a good deal in the grammatical line; but most of the class were equal to it, and presently replied in writing, "He went and asked Mr. Cooke if he liked apple-pie." One little girl who had been corrected for leaving some of her verbs in the present, now put it, "He went and asked Mr. Cooke," etc., upon which the gentleman protested that he had never been in the past tense before. One more process finished the apple-pie affair. "What did Mr. Cooke say?" wrote the teacher. "He said he did not like apple-pie," replied most of the pupils; but one, with nice discrimination, observed, "He said he hated apple-pie."

Remarkable the almost invariably correct orthography of these pupils, I was told that when deaf-mutes do misspell, it is in a fashion of their own. Children who hear, if misspelled, are wont to substitute something which sounds right, while deaf-mutes always choose something that looks right, writing *l* for *b*, perhaps, or *q* for *g*. This remarkable correctness in spelling, like every thing else the pupils acquire, costs the teacher infinite painstaking. The more I saw of the schools, the more I admired the patience and the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, manifested by those who instruct. Why not attach a deaf-mute department to our normal schools, on purpose to give our future teachers a "special course" in these "higher branches" of the profession?

There are about fifty pupils whose education is carried on according to the articulative method. Many of these are "semi-mutes." This term is applied to individuals who were not born deaf, and had learned to talk, possibly also to read, before the loss of hearing. Such, of course, have an immense advantage over the deaf-born in respect to mental development. Though the power of speech is very apt to be subsequently lost through disuse, proper exertions on the part of friends will generally secure its preservation, and the ability to understand others by watching their lips can be acquired so as to make oral conversation practicable. The articulative department includes also some pupils who are not totally deaf, as well as a few congenital mutes of uncommonly bright intellect.

The position of the New York Institution in regard to the articulative method is clearly defined in its annual reports. While it gives to all the opportunity to learn articulation and lip-reading as useful auxiliaries to their intercourse with society, it does not make the articulative method the basis of its instruction, except in cases such as those already described. This point, now known as the combined method, has been extensively adopted in Europe, and the hitherto conflicting systems have thus been harmonized.

The articulative department is in the charge of Professor Bernhard Engelmann, a superior teacher, who was educated for his difficult work in the institution at Vienna. While in his class-room I was interested in the recitations of several boys, one of whom was a congenital mute. They were orally questioned in geography and arithmetic, and readily replied, speaking quite intelligibly. "Do you understand what I say?" I inquired, talking care to speak slowly and distinctly. "Yes, I do," responded one of the boys, with evident satisfaction. I then asked, "Is it difficult to read the lips?" to which the pupil replied, "It is very difficult."

Indeed, if the speaker enunciates carefully or too rapidly, it is impossible. On the other hand, it requires close attention to comprehend some of the utterances of the deaf. Their voices are somewhat unnatural, and their pronunciation is often imperfect. A total loss of hearing, even at the age of six or eight, produces a decided indisposition to use the vocal organs, which the ear can no longer guide. There was present a boy in his fourteenth year, who did not become deaf until he was three years old; but his voice and enunciation had already been greatly impaired, and but for careful training would doubtless have been altogether lost. The articulative department would be worth while, were it only for cases like this. One of the accomplished and ready teachers told me something of their methods in teaching congenital mutes to speak. At first their efforts to use the vocal organs are very laborious, if not absolutely painful. How can the judge what kind of sounds they are making or how they are pronounced? They must be taught to feel the vibrations of the vocal organs by placing his hand upon the speaker's head.

Deaf-mutes are very sensitive to all vibrations that are perceptible to the touch. Sometimes they appear to enjoy a sensation of this kind, as if it conveyed some faint idea of what it would be to hear. I was amused at noticing that one of the advanced pupils had recorded in the daily journal which he kept as an exercise in composition, "I make more noise than people who hear." Of course it could hardly be otherwise. How could one walk softly, knock gently, or shut doors noiselessly without that sense by which, consciously or unconsciously, we regulate all our movements?

There is a division known as the supplemental class, in which I became greatly interested. It embraces those members of the "high class" who have made such attainments as to warrant their attempting some branches of a collegiate course, and also includes some of the deaf-mute teachers who wish to prosecute their studies still farther. The professors give instruction in Latin, Greek, and several modern languages, as well as in the natural sciences, higher mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy. While the regular school-hours close at 1 p.m., the supplemental class and its teachers voluntarily devote to these studies additional hours of the afternoon. At my first visit, after the professor had given the customary introduction, the young ladies and gentlemen turned to their wall-slates, and with great readiness wrote each a polite and appropriate welcome. Unfortunately their neat and graceful paragraphs would have done credit to pupils anywhere. Let me here remark that while grammar as an art is constantly pursued from the beginning to the end of the course, it is not studied as a science until the pupils are far advanced. When taken abstractly, it is one of the most difficult studies for them to comprehend. Yet by dint of endless painstaking they often acquire a degree of skill in the use of language which is surprising.

One of the exercises in the supplemental class that day was a recitation in Caesar. The teacher—Professor Jenkins—assigned a portion of the text to each pupil, and correct translations were promptly written. Afterward a few English sentences were given them, which they rendered into Latin. Having once learned English, it is said that deaf-mutes find no especial difficulty in other languages. Indeed, one would fancy that French or Latin might be easier for them than English, since the arrangement of words in the former corresponds better to the order followed in the sign-language.

At another time I was present when Professor Cooke gave the supplemental class an unexpected examination in the elements of moral science, which they had pursued several months before. Definitions of law, moral law, conscience, and the like, were promptly given, and practical questions answered by the class, in a manner that showed a good understanding of the subject. In the afternoon proper I also witnessed the commencement of recitations in algebra and various other subjects.

By this time, having seen so much achieved in the education of the deaf and dumb, I was full of curiosity to know how they begin it. Accordingly, my friend took me to a school-room where were the youngest and most backward of all. My wish having been mentioned, the gentlemanly teacher—himself a mute—beckoned to his side a little dumb child, who had but just entered school. Very kindly and patiently he taught her a single word to her the beginning of all that language has to reveal. I gazed with a feeling akin to awe. It is but a slender thread that he has thrown across the dark gulf beyond which, helpless and alone, lies the imprisoned soul. But, little by little, he will bridge the chasm, and blessings will go and come forevermore.

It seems a trifle to learn one word, but it involves a good deal. There are three steps in the process. The word being, for example, "pen," a picture of the object, or the pen itself, is exhibited, and the sign for it is made, which consists in moving the fingers of the right hand over the palm of the left, as if writing. Next, the word "pen" is spelled by the fingers, and the little pupil learns to do the same. Finally, the teacher takes a crayon, writes the word upon the wall-slate, and shows the child how to copy that also. Great care is constantly taken to associate the object with its sign or name, and many repetitions are needed in order to fix the lesson in the undisciplined memory. Not until the child can make the sign at sight of the object or its picture, can it spell its name with the fingers, and write it upon the slate, is the word considered to have been learned.

I had not spent many days in the institution before I wrote to her the fact that the sign-language is an exceedingly curious and attractive matter to study. Though I had elsewhere witnessed some slight exhibitions of its pantomimic story-telling, and had even been taught a few of its terms, I felt that I had not yet discovered the secret of its complete language, adequate to all sorts of ideas, with which words have nothing to do. It is no more English than it is Chinese. Its signs represent objects, actions, qualities, and whatever else words express; but they do not represent words. Many people fancy it to be merely a shorthand way of talking, signs being interspersed here and there just to save the trouble of spelling out all the words. Doubtless it does save trouble; but that is not the main thing. Signs make their way where words cannot. They go before words; they prepare the way for them; they rouse the unconscious soul; they bring candies into its dungeon; it bestirs itself at last, and cries for the light of day. Who the fact that the sign-language is an exceedingly curious and attractive matter to study. Though I had elsewhere witnessed some slight exhibitions of its pantomimic story-telling, and had even been taught a few of its terms, I felt that I had not yet discovered the secret of its complete language, adequate to all sorts of ideas, with which words have nothing to do. It is no more English than it is Chinese. Its signs represent objects, actions, qualities, and whatever else words express; but they do not represent words. Many people fancy it to be merely a shorthand way of talking, signs being interspersed here and there just to save the trouble of spelling out all the words. Doubtless it does save trouble; but that is not the main thing. Signs make their way where words cannot. 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# Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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## Vacation Musings

DURING the summer days, the principals of the various schools for the deaf have time to leisurely contemplate measures to be adopted when school days again begin.

Of course a principal is entitled to a period of relaxation, just the same as the teachers whose work he directs. But the truth is that the enthusiastic and progressive principal utilizes a good deal of his spare time during vacations in improving and perfecting the system of education, so that the deaf children will get the greatest benefit.

Play time and study time must be so arranged as to make the pupil bright and happy. A sullen child creates obstacles in progress that the teacher can only deplore, and its eagerness and happiness must be sought in order to eliminate the morbid temperament.

More attention should be given to vocational training, for sometimes a dull boy in school becomes a different boy in the trades department, wherein he becomes triumphantly efficient.

It has been the custom to minimize the worth of trades' school teachers. This is very unfortunate, for it creates in the minds of pupils a false sense of value of the trade that appeals to their inexperienced minds as the best and easiest method of earning a living. Therefore, they are deprived of the ambition to master it, and are satisfied with a mere smattering.

To become a competent worker at any trade requires a good elementary education. For only with that advantage can any trade be properly taught.

The pupil in the classroom is stimulated by the certificates and prizes awarded at graduation time.

For excellence in the trades' school, very little inducement is offered, and the pupil must be content with the hope that he can earn good money after school days are over.

Without diminishing the academic importance, or the immense value in strengthening character by recreational games on the playground, it is not only advisable but wise to encourage vocational work and emphasize its importance in assuring a successful and useful after-school career.

The Senior Number of the *Buff and Blue* (perhaps it might be called the Year Book) of Gallaudet College, is a specially attractive and interesting volume. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, with scenes on the campus, the picturesque buildings that compose the college unit, the full-page groups of undergraduate organizations, and the panel photographs of the Normals and students that form the Class of 1932. The book is artistically printed on heavy coated paper, and contains athletic records,

alumni information, and fraternity and sorority intelligence, etc. Altogether it is a book worth preserving, which will be of increasing value as years go by, bringing pleasant memories to the sober men and thoughtful matrons of a future day and retrospective visions of the happiest and most profitable period of their lives.

THE death of Rabbi A. Felix Nash, on Friday, July 1st, deprives the Jewish deaf of New York of a powerful and devoted friend. At the Convention of National Association of the Deaf at Buffalo, in the year 1930, he delivered a remarkably fine address, in which he betrayed surprising knowledge of the deaf, grouping them into classes according to the extent of their deafness and age when it occurred, maintaining that they were not all amenable to one method of instruction, and educational treatment should be varied according to individual condition. He was energetic and kind to all the Jewish deaf, and deservedly admired by the deaf thinkers and writers of other creeds.

It is authentically rumored that George Wilhelm Veditz, of Colorado Springs, Col., was seriously injured by being struck by an auto a week ago, and is now in a hospital.

## Suzanne Lavaud—Doctor of Letters

Yvonne Pitrois in *The Volta Review*  
January 8, 1932, will remain an historical date in the annals of the deaf world. On this day, many elderly gentlemen and respectable ladies were gathered at the Sorbonne, the celebrated Parisian University of Letters, seven hundred years old. On a platform were seated three gentlemen, still more grave looking than the others—three examiners. Before them was a graceful young woman, quite up to date. She was dressed in a smart, light green dress, and over her black, curly hair she wore a pretty little hat. She looked attentively at the examiners, to read their questions from their lips. She answered them aloud, with a voice a little rough at moments, but very distinct and easy to understand. She spoke without apparent emotion, and with calm firmness. She was discussing the works of Marie Leneru, the famous French deaf woman who died in 1918, the author of dramas that were at one time highly praised and passionately discussed. The young girl had written on his subject a big book which she presented to the examiners, and on which she made comments. After that, she was questioned on several literary matters dealing with authors and books of romantic times. Here again she proved successfully not only her cleverness but her ability to speak and read the lips.

Her mother, who stood behind her, ready to help her, seldom had to repeat to her what had been said. At the end of this moving ceremony, amid the enthusiastic applause of the distinguished gathering, Mlle. Suzanne Lavaud was proclaimed Doctor of Letters, with "very honorable" mention. This result would be splendid for any woman, but how much more splendid for a deaf girl of twenty-eight. It was the first time that such a sensational event had happened in the deaf world of France. Every daily paper mentioned it, and the great sensation it has caused has, happily, awakened increased interest in the great class of afflicted, to which belong both Marie Leneru and Suzanne Lavaud.

Mlle. Lavaud, as she herself related in an interesting article, published by the *Revue Generale de l'Enseignement des Sourds-Muets*, is the eldest daughter of a very intellectual couple. Her father is a professor, and her mother, the head of a college for girls. Then, she has been placed in circumstances exceptionally favorable to the development of her mind. It is supposed that she was born with all her senses, and that, when she was only a few months old, a sudden convulsion made her deaf. It was a long time before her parents realized her misfortune. She was very bright and intelligent and they only supposed that she was late in learning to speak. When she was eighteen months old, they became anxious at her persistent silence, and decided to consult a specialist. Then came the cruel revelation: their baby girl was deaf and dumb.

Her mother bravely accepted this sorrow, and began, with splendid patience and devotion, to teach little Suzanne. She indicated to her, in natural signs, many of the usual things of the nursery, and developed her attention by all possible means. When the child was four, Mr. Belanger, a teacher at the National Institution for the Deaf in Paris, undertook the hard task of her demutization. He gave her a lesson every week, and Madame Lavaud, acting as monitrice, gave her daughter a daily repetition

of these lessons. Within one year, the little girl learned to read and write and began to speak. One must render here full homage to the touching devotion of her parents, to whom she certainly owes the greater part of her education. Whenever Mme. Lavaud, busy thought she was with her own career, had a moment of leisure, she took Suzanne on her knees and spoke to her very loudly in her left ear, which still retained a little hearing. She also taught her to read words and sentences from her lips. The kind father took Suzanne for walks, made her notice the buildings, the trees, the flowers, the animals they encountered, wrote down their names in a note book, and, returning home, made her spell and read them aloud. If only every deaf child could be loved, and intelligently loved, as Suzanne Lavaud!

Two things aided very much in the development of the girl. One was her diary, in which she wrote every day, helped at first by her mother, though, very soon, all by herself, she was able to write about her work, her walks, her games, the small events of her childish life. In this way she became more and more familiar with the meaning of words and the building of sentences. Then, the fact that, as the daughter of the headmistress, she could mix freely with the college girls, partaking of their games, their manual training, their lessons, gave her, as nearly as possible, a normal life among the hearing.

As she grew up she was able to continue her studies in the colleges her mother conducted, first at Laon—in the Aisne, the sacred land of our American war friends—then at Constantine and Oran in Algeria; finally at Marseilles. Suzanne had affectionate companions, sympathetic teachers, and, for a long time—she says it herself—she did not realize her handicap too much. Very studious, she worked hard alone, read all sorts of books, learned Latin, Italian and English, her favorite language.

Successfully, like the hearing pupils, she presented herself for and creditably passed examinations for: *certificat d'études primaires*, *brevet élémentaire*, *diplôme de fin d'études*, *baccalauréat*. She had no difficulty with the written portions of the examinations, and in the oral parts the examiners, being advised beforehand, either spoke to her distinctly or wrote the questions she did not understand—which was seldom.

Her college life complete, the brave girl wished to do better still and to obtain her *license* in history. With that purpose in view, she followed for two years and a half the courses offered by the faculty of Aix en Provence. She studied with hearing young men and women who obligingly loaned her their notes after the classes so that she might supplement what she had learned by her private reading and study. She was received in the first rank, and obtained the prize of 500 francs awarded to the student who attains the *license* in the minimum of time with the maximum of good records.

After this new achievement, Suzanne was appointed, by the Prefecture of Versailles, to an editorial position in the civil service, and was very highly appreciated. She remained there two years, but she had further ambitions, and wished to become a doctor in the Sorbonne. For that, she must prepare a thesis, a book dealing with some important literary subject. A professor happily suggested that she write the biography of Marie Leneru. Immediately, she was all enthusiasm. She read all the books that could be of use to her, studied closely the dramas written by the famous authoress, and in spite of all difficulties, her hard work was rewarded by the splendid success of her triumph in the Sorbonne. Her book, *Marie Leneru*, has since appeared in libraries, and has received much appreciation. A longer account of it will appear in a future issue of the *Volta Review*.

Mlle. Lavaud is very modest about her glory. "I am only a girl like other girls," she said to the reporters who came to congratulate her. When questioned about her plans for the future, she replied that, being unable because of her deafness to become a professor, she hoped to obtain the post of librarian in a French university—and perhaps to write other books!

Certainly, life still has beautiful success in store for her! We heartily wish so, for it is an encouragement to the deaf and their families to see what great results this young girl has attained, thanks to her painstaking work, her courage, her perseverance, and thanks to her parents' unflinching love.

Very charming and attractive personally, Mlle. Lavaud realizes the ideal which all the deaf should try to attain: to live as much as possible the life of the hearing. Alas, this happy purpose can never be entirely attained. So, in conclusion, let us quote these moving lines of Mlle. Lavaud, which reveal the inner and poignant regret that every one of us—the cultured silent ones—will always feel:

"Sometimes I bitterly suffer at my deafness, and the more because I have conquered them in all possible measure. However I do not regret all my pain and all my work. I owe to them my two chief sources of happiness: my pride in having overcome my inferiority, and my intense joy in serious reading. Books have been my best friends; they still are, and will remain so forever."

A hen doesn't quit scratching just because the worms are scarce.

# CHICAGO

James Frederick Meagher, Jr., aged fifteen, died unexpectedly June 29th, in Ravenswood Hospital, twenty-four hours after being removed there. The autopsy revealed a brain-tumor with old blood clots, presumably the result of injuries in football last fall. He played regular left-half on the Roosevelt High Freshmen—a school of 4,000 students—although next to the lightest man on the squad of some sixty boys.

Young Meagher, styled "Red," was originally christened Nadric, after the N. A. D. and the last letters of Frederic. A cheerful, manly chap, of pleasing polish, he appeared to have a glorious career awaiting him. His mother, Frieda Baumann, was basketball captain of the Gallaudet Co-eds the season of 1901-02, and was National Vice-President of the N. A. D. when she married Mr. Meagher in Seattle, 1911. James, Jr., was their only child.

All because of the unexpected rain, that came perfectly soaking, the annual picnic of Chicago Division, No. 106, will go down in history to be remembered as something like a Biblical flood.

In the morning there were 150 deaf people ready at Dan Ryan's Woods (Beverly Hills) Sunday, June 26th. It was bright and clear, with a gentle breeze blowing. Toward mid-afternoon the crowd was noticeably augmented—400 is no exaggeration. Every club, lodge and church contributed a generous quota of members—S. A. Club, Pas-a-Pas, Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf, Central Oral Club, ex-Whishboners, Silent Indians, Silent Beidlarites, Chicago No. 1, Epheta Group; M. E. (Hasenstab), All Angels' Mission (Flick's), and Lutheran. There were a few visitors from Milwaukee and St. Louis. It was a right merry crowd that gathered together—both deaf-mutes and deaf oralists. Happy, carefree youngsters ran about, clad in the fashionable sun-bath bathing suits, while the envious eyes of the grown-ups followed them, wishing they too could put on the habiliments of youth.

Impromptu baseball games were going on, tennis matches were fought, the gab-fest went back and forth among others under the cool shade of the trees. Here and there were to be seen "500" addicts playing. A tug-of-war was pulled by the males, and next by the females; moving pictures were also taken. Ben Ursin, chairman, was observed rushing around, seeing that everyone enjoyed the occasion. The kiddies had races, and prizes were given to them.

Suddenly about 4:30 P.M., the sun disappeared. Anxious eyes were cast upwards. Black clouds were coming from the west. The crowds hurried this way and that, gathering up their bats, lunches, kiddies, in preparation for the storm. At first it was a light drizzle, giving the crowd a false optimism. Those who were fortunate took refuge in their cars; others ran under the dance pavilion. "Shall we or shall we not go home?" was on everyone's lips. The trees proved inadequate. Soon they were like drenched, bedraggled fowl, scurrying from shelter to shelter. The rain god was on unholy rampage, venting his wrath on those lowly mortals.

The late-comers in street cars could not venture out, so they rode to the end of the line, which was 111th Street, and retraced the same route back to 87th Street, where the picnic grounds were situated, hoping the storm would abate. Instead of alighting, they were mobbed by the incoming, drenched, deaf people. So the late-comers had a "street-car picnic" on the way back home.

Those who intended to go to the picnic in their cars were marooned on the way, and had to wait until the engine could dry off sufficiently to buzz into life once more. They turned back.

The North Side Bridge Club had its bi-weekly game at permanent headquarters, located at Mrs. Ben Ursin's domicile, Wednesday, June 28th. It is a ladies' club. At the party was a passing visitor from Washington, D. C., Miss Atkins, a supervisor at the Kendall school, and a product of the Kansas deaf school. She was the guest of Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts while on her way to Kansas City for a short stay.

According to Rev. Hasenstab, on a preaching tour in Indiana, Charles and Bertha Mock of Muncie, Ind., her mother, Mrs. McFadden, aged eighty-seven, their son, Thomas, and his wife's sister, were badly injured in an automobile accident Sunday, June 26th, on their way to the Oakland, Ind., Cemetery, to lay flowers on the graves of Mr. Mock's mother and the Mocks' daughter.

Thomas, a fine driver, tried to avoid a collision by turning aside toward a ditch, when his car was struck by another auto, driven by a sixteen-year-old boy, who was accompanied by his mother and two other persons.

The Mock family sustained severe bruises. Thomas' two tendons in his right hand were cut apart and had to

be stitched together. His wife's knee was fractured. Mrs. Mock had a cut at the top of her head requiring ten stitches, and also a sprained foot. Her husband's leg was badly scraped off from the knee and ankle. Mrs. McFadden had a bad heart shock, which has kept her abed since then. First aid was given at Oakland, and then the family was brought to the hospital in Muncie for necessary surgical attention and service. Then they were taken home.

Mrs. Arthur Johns, of Neekosa, Wis., spent several weeks here visiting her relatives. She used to star in the old Silent A. C. socials as Henrietta Wilkins. A super-intelligent young lady of great personal charm, she runs in from her tank-town about twice a year to enjoy a round of social and intellectual activities, which are sadly missed in the tall timber.

Another Indiana-educated visitor was Miss Frances Clark, the popular beauty of Indianapolis' younger set. She spent her two-week vacation here, visiting friends and schoolmates—chiefly Mrs. Ralph Miller, wife of our rising young artist.

John B. Davis, who played forward on the Chicago Deaf Demons basketball team two years ago, passed without conditions the entrance examinations for Gallaudet College, following one year's preparatory course at the Wisconsin school in Delavan. A product of the local oral schools, John is one of the most gentlemanly and courteous youngsters this city has produced, and will be a distinct asset for the student body.

Mrs. Ralph Miller was genuinely surprised on the 25th, when twenty-seven friends tendered her a shower at the Meagher shanty. Five tables of cards and the customary banquet-spread. Among former Indiana schoolmates of hers attending were Mrs. Johns and Miss Clark, mentioned above. The committee consisted of Miss Emma Maser and Mesdames Horn, Meagher, Hagemeier and Masinkoff. Among the distinguished guests was the wife of the "monarch of mutedom," Grand President Arthur L. Roberts of the Frats.

Mrs. L. A. Douglas, of Gardner, Mass., writes in confirming our recent statement that the Mrs. Granville Fortesque, mother of Thalia Massie, of Hawaii fame, is a relative of the late Alexander Graham Bell, who invented the telephone in hopes it would enable his deaf wife to hear. Mrs. Fortesque's grandfather was Gardiner Hubbard, who gave "Hubbard Hall" to the Clarke school in Northampton, Mass.

Gallaudet's Abe Kruger, traveling to the four corners of the continent via hitch-hike, reached the Twin Cities on the 24th, two days after leaving Chicago, via Milwaukee, Delavan, Madison and LaCrosse. Made it on "forty-eight lifts."

Carol Friek, movie editor of the *Herald & Examiner*, printing her replies to a *Film Daily* questionnaire in the *Herald & Examiner* of June 19th, has one pertinent paragraph:

"2. Do you sense any demand for silent pictures in your community? Answer—Yes. The world is full of unfortunate who have been deprived of their hearing. They need entertainment as much or more than normal people. When the last silent theatre in Chicago changed to a talkie policy, merely because the manager could no longer obtain silent films, a number of deaf-mutes were terribly disappointed. The fourth largest industry might supply silent films for this market."

The Rev. P. J. Hasenstab baptized two granddaughters of his, and the young daughter of the Alphonse Walters, June 9th, in the Chicago M. E. Temple—"only church in the loop."

The mother of Mrs. Washington Barrow celebrated her eightieth birthday recently. She has three great-grandchildren.

The Sunshine Club and their families held a jolly picnic at Lincoln Park on the 23d.

Mrs. Gus Hyman managed a successful card social at the Home, on the 25th.

Rev. Rutherford, concluding his monthly preaching tour at Elgin, Ill., this week, is taking a month's vacation in July. Rev. Hasenstab will be out on a month's vacation next August.

A number of the Catholic deaf attended a "500" and bunco party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Yanzio, Sunday, June 26th, from 3 P.M. to 11 P.M. The proceeds went to the benefit of the club fund.

To rejoice his wife and family, Mike Kerr arrived from Philadelphia, Pa., where he stayed with his folks, with a view to seeking a steady job, but to no avail.

## COLORED DEAF

Robert Shepherd, one of our "dyed-in-the-wool" baseball fanatics, who games whenever played at Comiskey Park, and joins the bleacherites in cheering lustily for a White Sox victory.

Mrs. Genevieve Armstrong made a flying trip to Gary, Ind., by bus, to pay a visit to Miss Annie Sledge, recently.

Discerning conditions here no better than those prevalent elsewhere, Cornelius Humphreys departed recently for Louisville, Ky., where he hopes

# OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

Passing the school the other day it looked like a small army of workers were at work tearing out brick work preparatory to installing the new fire escapes! We suspect the old walls were found much better built than those of these days. They had no prepared plaster as now and that which was hand-mixed and with hair in it was much stronger than the plaster now used.

It is rumored that our school will not reopen till October, and then according to the daily news salaries will be cut, as all State salaries are to be.

Miss Anna King, of Franklin Avenue, arranged a delightful surprise party early in June for Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz (Wyckoff). About fifty friends gathered to honor the bride and groom and presented them with an electrical appliance.

Mr. Charles Miller, of our school, attended the Gallaudet Reunion and reported interesting meetings and a general good time. Only two, Messrs. A. D. Martin and W. Pfunder, of Akron, attended the reunion.

Miss Virginia Romoser, who graduated from the Columbus High Schools this month, is spending a month with friends in Harrisonburg, Va. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Romoser and will enter the Ohio State University in the fall.

Sunday's *Dispatch* of June 26th contained a photograph of Mrs. Sarah Miles McCormick, of Gallipolis, O., who today, June 28th, celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. McCormick was long years ago, a matron at the Ohio school, and is remembered by Mr. Greener and some others of the older graduates. For many years she resided on Oak Street, just across from the school. Her memory of old-times is unusually good.

Mrs. Wm. E. Chapman, sister of the late Cloa Lamson, and former matron of the Ohio Home for many years, has been quite ill at her home in Westernville, but is now able to be about the house.

According to a Cincinnati news item, Miss Clover Hoy, a senior in the University of Cincinnati, was voted the "best all around co-ed" and was awarded the C ring which is a much coveted prize among the students. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoy. Her brother, Carson Hoy, is now mayor of Mt. Healthy, O., where the Hoy family lived for many years.

When Miss Eva Kolin, of Cleveland, attended the big Boston convention, she there met a Mr. Milton Cassell, of Brooklyn, and now their engagement has been announced.

Miss Bessie MacGregor, Grove City, will be hostess to the Stitch and Chatter Club for the July meeting. She will have a garden party for them.

It was our pleasure yesterday to inspect Miss MacGregor's yard and note the changes that she has had made. The back yard she terms her "park" and it deserves the name with its lovely flower beds. Especially beautiful are the gorgeous hollyhocks now out in full bloom.

Mrs. A. Beckert was the June hostess for the Stitch and Chatter Club in her rooms at the school.

For some days during a murder trial in Cleveland the newspapers made much of the "Mystery Woman." Later it was found she was Mrs. Gertrude Krull and her testimony was given by Mrs. Helen Anderson, who acted as the court's interpreter.

Signs, of course, had to be used, as lip-reading is too uncertain to depend upon in court and writing is too slow.

By the time this is in print, I will probably be at my country resting place, about half way between Cleveland and Akron. Any news that is sent will be forwarded—and if you have the news, please send it to me.

## St. Matthew's Lutheran Mission for the Deaf

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor

192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 P.M. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Roehling Street. Mary Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and Instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 145th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 8:30 to 9 P.M. The rooms are located on the third floor of the Parish House, adjoining the Church.

# Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Merrill have moved to 2014 S. Salina Street, where they have rented a very cozy apartment. There are some thirty-five or more deaf families residing in the immediate vicinity. The deaf of Syracuse seem to have suddenly made up their minds that the southern part of the city is the most attractive and desirable, and have forthwith established a little colony all their own.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sears and children visited with relatives in Tupper Lake for a few days, the third week in June. They spent the Glorious Fourth with a sister of Mrs. Sears at Little Falls. The parents of Mrs. Sears made a trip west as far as California by motor, stopping at Minnesota, Colorado and Oregon enroute. They will be away the greater part of the summer.

Rev. Robert Root, of Hamlin, is taking a two weeks' course at the Auburn Theological College. He commutes morning and night from Syracuse, where he visits with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Root.

The strawberry festival at the Keller-Pabst camp near Baldwinsville, on June 26th, was a most delightful affair, although the attendance might have been better. But what it lacked in numbers was made up by the pleasure each one seemed to derive from the pleasant surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. George Root drove to Hamlin with their son on July 2d, to spend the Fourth. Rev. Root preached at his churches on Sunday, returning to Syracuse on Monday.

Howard Dingman, of Syracuse, was one of the graduates of the Rome school last June. He expects to take an advanced course at the Fanwood school in New York City, in the Fall, and later may enter Gallaudet College.

Mr. L. D. Huffstatter is at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Kenyon, of Baldwinsville. Mrs. Lashbrook, of the Rome school, was the guest of the Kenyons on June 26th.

The Syracuse Division of Frats will hold their annual picnic on July 17th, at the Keller-Pabst camp near Baldwinsville. It is expected large crowds will attend from the neighboring cities. These annual picnics always draw large crowds, and the camp is a very attractive place, with fine picnic grounds and good bathing facilities. Boats may be had nearby for those who care for boating or fishing.

Mr. Robert Conley and family spent the Fourth with relatives at Phelps, N. Y. They went to Bridgeport on June 26th, to join a family party in honor of the natal day of Mr. Conley's aged father.

PITTI SING.

## Broadcasters use Sign System

When you see a studio director suddenly close his fist and shake it menacingly at the musicians during a broadcast, don't begin looking for the exit. It's not the start of a brawl, but just studio sign language that means "close off."

Or maybe you'll notice the production man excitedly waving his hands in circles.

The P. M. hasn't lost his mind, he's merely letting the orchestra director know the program is lagging and must be speeded up.

Placing a finger against the side of the nose lets the studio folk know the program is on time, running according to schedule.

Two fingers working like a pair of scissors signify "Cut the program—it's running overtime."

A hand extended with thumb and first finger at right angles is the signal for local station announcement.

Interlacing the fingers of both hands means, "Synchronize the networks." The gesticulations that mean "Move the flute player up a bit" or "How about having that crooner turn his face toward the mike?" or the dozens of other orders that must be transmitted by sign language, usually come from the production man standing in the control room at the sound-proof glass partition.

If this dictator draws in the outspread-fingers of his upthrust hand, the orchestra musicians know they should move closer to the mike. If he half closes his hand they know the word is "fade-out." If he extends his arm straight out following this signal, it means cut the program dead. Hands lowered with the palms down is the signal for softer playing. The reverse direction on this is hands raised up and down swiftly and repeatedly.

Sometimes the production manager falls back on deaf and dumb language for his signals.—N. Y. World-Telegram.

Word was received by friends that Mrs. Mary (Carrig) Miller Snyder, N. Y., had a mishap. She fell and broke her leg some time ago, and is now convalescing. She has made her home with her deceased husband's daughter and husband in New York.

FOR RENT—Six lovely rooms—complete, overhauled, polished floors; in quiet neighborhood of Brooklyn; one minute to transit. You have never seen the like before and how modest is the rental! Write for appointment. Adults only. MICHAEL H. HARRIS, 1747 E. 31st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 27-34



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

John F. O'Brien is confined at his home with a nurse attending him. The reason for this was an accident, which occurred early Sunday morning. After his duties in the office of the *Home News* was over, he was on his way home when struck by an auto, sustaining injuries about the face, arms, and one of his legs. Just how serious his injuries are has not yet been ascertained. His friends hope it will not compel Johnny to be in bed long and that no permanent disablement will result.

In chronicling the Levine-Goldberg wedding two weeks ago, the reporter did not include the following list of those who were present:

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Rosenbloom, Mr. and Mrs. John Clerico, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hyman, Mrs. Sam Fleischer, Mrs. Anna Fezer, Misses Nettie Nelkin, Fannie Nuch, Molly Smokler, Messrs. Frank Scofield, Moses Steinhauer, Daniel Aellis, Jack Gleicher, Max Wisotsky, Gilbert Michel, and Solomon Isaacson.

Miss Margaret Grossman, of Woodside, started on a motor trip with her family, and even her big police dog went along. They left Saturday, the 2d, on the Albany Night Line boat. From there they drove to Lake Placid, then across to Vermont and New Hampshire. They came home via the Mohawk Trail and Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and son, Bobbie, enjoyed a motor trip over the week-end to their brother's farm in Lehigh, Pa., going by way of the Delaware Water Gap. The return trip was through the Lehigh Gap, then to Easton, arriving home around 5 p.m. It was the first time in over twenty years that Mr. Renner had the opportunity to see how the Glorious Fourth is celebrated in the city.

Mr. Edwin Benedict, formerly of California, but for the past several years a resident of this city, was married on the 18th of June. The bride is Miss Rhoda Cohen, of Manchester, N. H. The friendship between the couple was formed at Kendall Green, several years ago, when both were attending Gallaudet College. Like the state of the weather, we are informed that it has not been decided where they will settle down to reside.

The Ace Club, of which Sol E. Pachter is the president, have each purchased season lockers at the Washington Swimming Pool, Coney Island. The other officers of the club are: Arnold Iamsu, secretary; Sol E. Pachter, who is also treasurer; Nathan Morrell, entertainment director; and Jacob Kirschner, trustee. The other members are Mrs. Sol E. Pachter, Ruth Martin, Clara Bagg, and Bessie Levy.

Miss Margaret Jones, one of the brightest graduates of the Lexington Avenue school about a quarter of a century ago, died on the morning of Wednesday, June 29th. The burial was on July 2d. Requiem mass at St. Mary's Church, Jamaica. Interment at Calvary Cemetery.

The Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held its monthly business meeting in the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Wednesday evening, July 6th.

Archie McL. Baxter left for Ocean Grove, N. J., on Tuesday, July 5th, to remain for the summer. He does not expect to return to New York before the first of October.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League held a Board meeting at its present quarters, 43 West 125th Street, on Tuesday evening, July 5th.

Elias Pachter, Elihu Collins, and Harry Siegel started on a hike up State, and camped at a nice place on Long Island Sound overnight, where they had a wonderful time.

Mr. Fernando J. LaBrie will leave for his home in New Bedford, Mass., this Saturday, for his annual vacation. He is a night supervisor at the Mt. Vernon High School, and when he returns he will resume his duties there.

Miss Martha Brown and Mr. Leopold Epstein were betrothed on the 25th of June.

New York dailies last week reported that five deaf persons were killed on June 30th, when their automobile was struck by a train at Fresno, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. McColl, Baltimore's recent bride and groom, have been staying in New York City for a while, enjoying the sights of Manhattan, and incidentally meeting their many acquaintances around here.

Mr. Nicholas Calmano and family, together with his brother, Michael, went on a motor trip to Buffalo over the holiday week-end.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## Portland, Oregon

The Portland Frat picnic held on Sunday, June 19th, at Kemelworth Park, came out a success, with over fifty in attendance. Ball games and horseshoe pitching were played. The Vancouver team beat the Portland boys in the ball game, while the Salem boys beat the Portlanders at pitching horseshoes. The Salem players were Mr. Charles Lynch and Mr. Peterson—the latter is considered the champion at Salem. The event ended with the deaf boys playing the hearing men in a fast ball game. The score was 13 to 3, in favor of the silents. Mr. Fay was chairman of the day.

Many of Portland's deaf will leave town for the holidays July 2d, 3d, and 4th. Some go to beach resorts, and others will take in the celebration at Longview, Wash., where there will be a great rodeo and other attractions. Mr. W. P. Coulter, the only deaf-mute living in the above town, has invited a few Portland deaf, and also Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jack, of Chehalis, Wash., to attend the big celebration. Some may go to Jantzen's Beach, so Portland and Salem will be pretty well deserted July 3d and 4th.

Mr. Oscar Sanders, employed at the Vancouver, Wash., deaf school, left for a two or three weeks' vacation on Puget Sound, after which he will return to the institution to do some painting. This was Mr. Sanders' first year at the above school. Mr. Sanders was catcher for the Vancouver boys at the recent picnic here and it was hard for a ball to pass his great bulk. He proved a great help, causing the Portland boys to take a back seat and lose.

The Rosebud Club, a newly-organized club, got up a surprise shower party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lowe (who were married on May 28th), on Saturday, June 25th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooke. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe were invited to the Cooke home to have a game of bridge. When they arrived at the house, finding it crowded with friends, they inquired what was up, so they were let into a room, where they were told to follow a cord. The cord led them to the hall and up a few flights of stairs, where they found some large packages and took them into the reception room. On opening them, they found over twenty different presents to start their young happy marriage life with. Surely the newlyweds were taken by surprise. The evening was spent in dancing and a few games. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe gave a fine dance. About twenty-five or more were present, all members of the Rosebud Club. A fine crowd of non-members also invited were: Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reichle, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Nelson, and Mrs. Caldwell. The fun ended with cake and punch. Mrs. A. Eden and Mrs. W. F. Cooke got up the party, which everyone present really enjoyed. Mrs. Cora Walther, Miss Poi, and Mr. Anthony Kautz were taken in as new members of the above club on Thursday, June 23d. Mr. Johnson is president, with Mrs. A. Eden, secretary-treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hastings are going around with a smile these days, as they are now grandparents of a baby girl, born to their son, Paul, and his wife.

Ralph, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reichle, is home from New York City for a month's visit with his parents. He came by auto via Colorado, New Mexico and California. He was given a two-month vacation by the office in which he is employed in the big city.

H. P. N.

June 27, 1932.

## ASBURY PARK, N. J.

By Andy Mack

New Jersey's summer resorts have their quota of Gallaudet boys who are sweating enough to earn a few dollars to help them through college during the coming year. Business is very much more slack than last year and all the hotels have curtailed expenses without exception, and the number of boys working this year is about one half the number employed last year.

In North Asbury Park there is a group of six lads working at the New Montrose Hotel. This is the largest group working on the Jersey coast from Washington, D. C. One half of the boys of this group remained in Washington for the Alumni Reunion, and the other three went home. Among the boys in the group are Marvin Rood, '35, Wisconsin; Bob Hogen, '35, Wisconsin; Calvin Long, '35, Pennsylvania; Philip Hanover, '35, Pennsylvania; Louis Sorenson, '36, South Dakota; and Andy Mack, '33, California.

A few blocks away at the Ocean Hotel John Leicht, '36, of Chicago, is working with Mirlyn Williams, of Canada.

Further south, at Spring Lake Beach, another group is working at the Warren Hotel. Boys working there are Heimo Antila, '34, of Massachusetts; George Brown, '34, of Columbus, O.; Clarence Olson, '34, of Washington, D. C.; and Kenneth Nelson, '35, of Washington State.

For the first time in many years the boys are not working at the Monmouth Hotel at Spring Lake

## Beach. This year the management

did not hire any college boys. In Asbury Park, at the Monterey, Ray Sherrill, ex-'35, has been working ever since he started in June, 1931. Many of his fellow workers have been learning the sign-language and alphabet from Sherrill. None of the college boys have experienced any difficulty in getting along with the people at the Monterey. Even the waitresses, school teachers, stenographers and office workers, on vacation for the most part, are ambitious to learn the alphabet and some of the simpler signs.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Craven, newly-weds, of Washington, D. C., were visitors at the seashore during the week-end. They had been touring the country in the course of their honeymoon.

Sunday, July 3d, the Hebrew Society, of Newark, held their annual outing at Asbury Park. Several of the college boys who chanced to be off duty were strolling on the boardwalk when they encountered the group of fifty odd persons on the beach. The outing group enjoyed a pleasant time at the beach, leaving for Newark at a late hour the same night.

## Spokane, Wash.

Our State school for the deaf at Vancouver closed for the summer on June 3d. Many pupils were happy to come back home. Mr. Divine was a guide on the train with his pupils. That night he was at the Silks' residence, where the Frat's meeting and social were held. Everybody was glad to see him come more. He was the Skoglund's guest for a few days, while in Spokane.

Mrs. N. J. Barney and her daughter, Betty, from Millwood, spent the day with Mrs. John Moore, so they could meet their sister-in-law and aunt, who is a guard of the Y. H. S., on her way home from Pullman on June 13th. The Barneys invited Rev. Hiskie and his wife to dine with them on June 16th, before Mrs. Hiskie left for Minneapolis. Rev. Hiskie will go there later to join his wife, and they will bring Mrs. Hiskie's mother to Spokane to live with them. We are anxious to meet her.

Mrs. Anna Stevens can hardly wait for the arrival of her two daughters, who are to spend a few weeks with her. She has not seen them for ten years. They expected to be here by July 3d. They were adopted by their mother's sister when they were small.

Mildred Skoglund, who is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Skoglund, graduated from Grade school on June 13th. She is anxious to start High School in the fall.

A big surprise crystal shower (which was managed by Miss Diane Ingraham and Mrs. John Moore) was given to Mr. and Mrs. John Skoglund at their residence on June 11th. They have been married fifteen years. They got some lovely presents. Mr. Alex Schierman, of Endicott, eighty-eight miles from Spokane, and Mrs. Morgan, of Rosalia, fifty miles from Spokane, drove down to attend the party. Ice-cream, cookies and cakes were served. One of the cakes was very large and decorated beautifully. It was baked by Mrs. J. Moore and Mrs. W. Lauer.

Willis Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, who attended Lewis and Clark High School, belongs to the National Guard and left for the Military Camp at Tacoma the night after school close. He will be there two weeks.

Mr. Zentzi's son and daughter-in-law, of Seattle, are visiting for a week with him and his wife at Plaza. Jack Frisby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frisby, began to buy him a calf for but fifty cents, so they did to please him. Everybody who sees it, thinks it is awfully cute. It seems to know how to play tag with its little master.

Mrs. George Rigby, sister of Mrs. A. J. Sackville-West, is here from Wilmington, Del. She expects to stay here more than a month. She came by auto with a friend and it took them twelve days to make the trip.

Mrs. C. H. Fancher (another sister of Mrs. Sackville-West) and her son, Charles Edward, are also visiting in Spokane.

Last June 16th, a sewing club met at Mrs. John Skoglund's residence, after the meeting, Belle Bergh, who came back home from California on June 12th, gave the girls a very interesting talk about her trip. She has left here for Glacier Park, Mont., to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke. Three young men who left Gallaudet College, on their way home stopped here for one day and one night. They were Mr. Clyde Graham's guests. A few deaf people were asked to go to Graham's place to meet the college boys.

## Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Diocese of Washington and the State of Virginia—West Virginia. Rev. E. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 816 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C. Second Sunday, 8 a.m. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m. Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverly Streets. Services Second Sunday, 11 a.m. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 a.m. Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church. Services fourth Sunday, 3 p.m. Services by Appointment:—Virginia: Lynchburg, Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, Newport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney.

## Dr. Nash Dead

Dr. A. Felix Nash, beloved Rabbi and Executive Director of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, passed away on Friday, July 1st, after a lingering illness which had its inception in mastoiditis.

Funeral services were held at the West End Chapel on Sunday morning, July 3d. Most of those gathered to pay their last respects were members of the H. A. D., besides delegations from Temple Israel and the Lexington Avenue School of the Deaf.

Rev. N. L. Saslavsky, of the Hebrew Tabernacle; Rabbi Schachtel, of West End Synagogue; and Cantor Joseph Wolfe, of Temple Israel, participated in the last rites for the deceased, part of which was interpreted in signs by Mr. Sol. Garson, president of the H. A. D., Mrs. A. A. Cohn and Miss Sylvia Auerbach rendered a touching hymn bearing on our departed friend. The following brief eulogy was delivered both orally and in signs by Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, the Assistant Executive Director:—

It is difficult to reconcile ourselves to the mournful thought that our friend, Dr. A. Felix Nash, has gone. For, he, whom we, the deaf, knew as our kindly guide and spiritual leader is now no more!

As his assistant, intimately associated with him in his labors for the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, and the deaf in general, it was my privilege to know him well. He was a life full of promise, prematurely ended, alas!

He so loved his work for and among the deaf that he has often and rightfully been regarded as "one of us." He was especially fond of the young deaf children, who in turn looked on him as a father and a friend.

Intelligent, sympathetic, patient, ever zealous for the advancement of our cause, we shall greatly miss him!

Though he has been with us for the short period of only three years, we are thankful for a noble life such as his—a life given freely to better ours.

I know that I voice the sentiment of all the deaf who knew him when I say that our hearts go out to his family and his loving and devoted wife to whom we extend our sympathy.

May a Merciful God comfort them in the blessed memory of one whom we, too, have learned to love and shall ever hold near and dear to us.

Burial was at the beautiful Mt. Hope Cemetery of Temple Israel at Westchester.

Dr. Nash, who was only twenty-seven years old, is survived by a widow, parents, brothers and sisters, and a grandmother. Selected as Rabbi and Executive Director only three years ago, his constant devotion and interest in the work among the Jewish deaf, as well as other creeds, promptly manifested itself in such a remarkable degree that he became an integral part in the life of the silent community.

As editor of "The Jewish Deaf" monthly, he attracted a widening circle of appreciative readers. His Paper "What Price Normalcy" delivered before the Buffalo convention of the National Association of the Deaf, but one year after another contribution from his trenchant pen, "The Deaf Boy Grows Older," appeared in the *American Annals of the Deaf*, stamping him as a keen and penetrating student of human values.

His early death can truly be termed a severe blow, not only to the Jewish deaf of New York, but to all the deaf wherever located.

The hope is expressed that his widow, Mrs. Tanya Nash, who is also a social worker of no small distinction, will continue in her present post, ministering as the "Little Mother," as she is affectionately known.

M. L. K.

## The Golden Rule of Other Peoples

From Weekly Unity

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian.* Do as yourself would be done by.—*Persian.* What you would not wish done to yourself, do not unto others.—*Chinese.* One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—*Buddhist.*

He sought for others the good that he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian.*

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Christian.*

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedan.*

The true rule in life is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindu.*

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman.*

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do unto you, do not unto him. This is the whole law. The rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish.*

## All Souls' Church for the Deaf

(Protestant Episcopal)  
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Rev. Warren M. Smalls, M.A., S.T.B., Rector, James H. Richards, Lay-Reader.  
SUNDAYS, Morning Prayer, at 10:00 A.M. Third Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, at 10:00 A.M.  
From October to June inclusive—Sundays, Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday, at 4:15 P.M.  
Callers are welcome during office hours on Thursday afternoons from 3:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. and on Saturdays from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.  
On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3226 North Sixteenth Street.

## A Singapore "Steam Roller."

The uncompleted British naval base at Singapore again may swarm with workmen. The base has been a political football in British official circles for more than a decade. Construction began in 1921, but before much progress was made, the project was interrupted by political quarrels until 1928. In that year the base site was the scene of much activity, but work again was halted when the labor party, which opposed the project, came into power.

To the military strategist, Singapore is one of Britain's main links in its chain of defenses that stretch from Gibraltar through Malta, Suez, Aden and Ceylon, but to students of geography and readers of fiction, it is the "Crossroads of the East," and a city where "East meets West."

In all the swift, significant changes wrought by white men in the East, no one event stands out more conspicuously than the rapid rise of Singapore. From a jungle isle, where tigers ate men at night, to a magnificent city, tenth among the ports of the world, in less than a century!

Its place on the map, its strategic position here at the crossroads of the East, forced it to a growth at once nearly and astonishing. Last year nearly 10,000 ships cut the cobalt-blue seas of the Malacca strait, tying up the trade of Singapore with Europe, Africa, and India with Australia, China, Japan, and the Americas.

And how Singapore came to be a city is one of the latter-day romances of the Orient. Away back in history, before even the days of Marco Polo, the Malays had founded their powerful states and set up an empire on their peninsula. Then came the Portuguese who laid waste to the strongholds of the sultans, leaving colonists whose descendants, bearing long, aristocratic names oddly out of place among Malay cognomens, are still found throughout the Indies.

After the Portuguese came the Dutch, sweeping from Malacca to Manila, only to be followed later by the British, who, with their genius for colonization, are here to this day. It was this British adventure, about a hundred years ago, that lured Stamford Raffles, born at sea, into this restless region of the then unknown East. And fate willed that he should found this great Singapore.

Singapore was not conquered like Hindustan, nor acquired as a ready-made colony, like Hongkong; it was simply bought as New York was, and settled, when Sir Stamford Raffles selected it as an outpost for British traders on the China route and purchased it for the East India Company from the Sultan of Johore. It was a jungle-covered island then, peopled by a few score savage Malay fishermen.

Now it is a wonder-city, with marble bank buildings of singular beauty and great stone law courts and government edifices and Christian churches—all in striking contrast to the ornamental Malay mosques, the carved temples of the Hindus, and the fantastic joss house of the Chinese.

Through the thick jungle, where once led only the elephant paths, wide, level roads have now been built, and the hoarse squawk of the motor horn has drowned the fierce growls of the lurking tiger.

Forty-five years ago a few Para rubber plants smuggled out of Brazil fruited here. Today, three-fourths of the world's rubber comes from this region. And in this magic development Americans have played a leading role.

This Malay peninsula, stretching hundreds of miles from the Siamese frontier down toward the Equator, forms a vast humid region of dense forests of jungle, wild elephants, snakes, and naked people, rice fields, rubber plantations, and tin mines. Few American tourists see it.

Singapore, built on a tiny green isle of the same name, which lies just off the end of the peninsula and nearly on the Equator, is the capital of the British crown colony, commonly called the Straits Settlements. This colony embraces the Province Wellesley, the Dindings and Malacca on the mainland, and the islands of Penang and Singapore.

More than fifty steamship lines and its cable net and radio stations tie Singapore up with adjacent regions, and British Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, and Siam constitute a unit in commercial geography which centers at the great port.

"The Melting Pot of Asia," they call this prolific, potent peninsula, because of the babel of races, colors, and castes which its wealth of rubber and tin has drawn to it. But in all this industrial army of Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, Tamils, Hindus, and assorted South Sea Islanders, the Chinese are the most numerous and powerful.

The Malay himself is too lazy even to be a good fisherman. He grows a little rice, a few coconuts, and nets the fish he needs, but Nature is so kind that it is said one hour's effort a day will support him and his family.

It is the Chinaman who is the tin miner, the farmer, shopkeeper, artisan, contractor, and financier. Nature's motion picture, as your ship swings into the narrow, 60-

mile-long Singapore roads, is like a vision of some fabled Dream Isles of Delight. Fairy isles they seem, floating on a turquoise sea, wooded, jungle-grown in brightest green, miraculously broken off and cast adrift from Sumatra and Malaya.

Cruising through these straits, the ship creeps so close to certain isles that you can actually see the natives going about their daily life, and you can clearly make out the intimate details of the tiny palm-leaf shacks, which stand on stilts like piles out over the water.

But on certain hot, steamy days in early autumn, when no air stirs and the tide has run very low, these islands, on closer inspection, are not all so charming. Then the receding waters leave vast, flat banks of slimy, stinking mud, alive with crawling creatures pursued by long-legged birds; and the myriad mangrove trees that hug the shore are left standing with their naked crooked roots all exposed—an oddly repellent picture, suggesting the wet, slippery coils of a million monster serpents, their bodies all twisted together, seeming to crawl in and out of the foul steaming ooze.

You are glad, then, when your ship has poked her restless nose past these reeking mud flats and you come to the anchorage, tying up amid as strange a fleet as ever the sun shows on.

Swarming about your ship in their bobbing canoes, little Malay boys come to dive for nickels; for do not all American sailors observe the odd custom of throwing money into the sea as they approach a tropic port?

The white man's life today in Singapore, as in other tropic ports, is easy and comfortable. The British and American trading firms are as staffed, in the higher positions, by men from the home lands. Office hours are fairly short, down in this equatorial clime, for the white man must have more recreation than in the colder countries of the north.

Here, near the Equator, day and night are about equal; toward dark the din of barter and sale subsides and the streets begin to empty. The houseboat folk of the river and the wharf workers quiet down. Chinese shopkeepers shuffle out to put up their shutters. High above, the star pictures of heaven are hung out in the sprawling Scorpion and the majestic Southern Cross. Long before ten o'clock this magic, monolithic city of tin, trade, and turbulence is sound asleep. No speeding joy-riders, owl car, or roofgarden jazz breaks the delicious stupor of its repose.

## A Homing Sunfish

The uncanny ability of carrier pigeons to find their way back to the home loft is well known. Dogs, too, have been known to travel great distances to reach the old home from which they have been separated. And now we learn from a story in *New York Times* that fish also have a sense of direction.

Mr. Douglas Harrison, of Wichita, Kansas, recently informed the American Game Protective Association of an interesting occurrence. He was fly-fishing for bass when he noticed near the shore of the lake a most peculiar blue-gill fanning his nest. Mr. Harrison put on a small fly and after several attempts hooked the fish, which he wanted merely to examine.

He found that it had no tail; its body, had been cut off close behind the dorsal fin, undoubtedly when the fish was very small. Nature had made amends for the accident by providing abnormal growth in the dorsal fin, which extended back behind the fish and acted as a rudder.

The appearance of the fish was so remarkable that Mr. Harrison dropped it into his "live box" in the boat and took it back with him to the clubhouse more than a mile away. There other members of the club came down to the dock and viewed the freak. After all had satisfied their curiosity the fish was tossed back into the water.

That afternoon while Mr. Harrison was walking up the bank of the lake, fly-fishing from the shore, he was greatly astonished, on reaching the spot where he had caught the freak bluegill in the morning, to see her again peacefully fanning over her nest.

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## Deaf-Mute Mother Mourns For Baby Husband Stole

"I cry night and day for my baby." This is the broken-hearted appeal of a woman denied by fate the powers of speech and hearing—and bereft of her only child by the husband who deserted her.

She is Mrs. Rachel F. O'Shea, 805 Cameron St., near 19th and Fairmount Avenue.

Yesterday, seated in the haven offered to the, stranded woman by a friend, she wrote the story clearly and intelligibly, of her month of anxious waiting for the husband who took her baby and never came back.

Only one ray of hope had pierced the gloom—only to be shattered on investigation. News of the little baby, "Lois," abandoned two weeks ago at 22nd and Green in a parked automobile, sent her hurrying to the Bureau of Personal Assistance where the deserted baby has been kept. There was a decided resemblance—but the child was not hers. She knew it in her heart—but she kept on hoping.

"Lois"—child of a mother who didn't want her—started dully at the heart-broken woman. There were no words. The mother could not speak and the child will not talk to strangers. But Mrs. O'Shea knew—this was not her baby.

Her great sorrow started on April 18th. The family had been in Philadelphia only three days—vainly trying to find work, living in a rooming house at 18th Street and Fairmount Avenue. O'Shea quarreled with his wife that day and ordered her to dress the baby. He said he was going to take the child to Baltimore. She complied, unwillingly, but in fear of his anger. He promised to return at midnight. He never came back.

He took her trunk with him, containing her marriage certificate and the records of her baby's birth.

"I believe he is with another woman whose identity I do not know," Mrs. O'Shea wrote, "but my chief desire is to get my baby back. I love her—God knows how dearly."

O'Shea, according to his wife, is 33. He was in the Navy until a short time before she married him in May, 1927. The child, Eleanor Jane, is three. He is a baker by trade.

Mrs. O'Shea has not given up hope that her baby will be found. George G. Henry, Chief Inspector of Baltimore Police, has been in communication with the Bureau of County Welfare Association in Los Angeles. He has advised Mrs. O'Shea that a Dennis O'Shea has asked the California relief agency for aid. Philadelphia police are now in touch with Los Angeles authorities in an attempt to identify him.—*Phila. Record.*

## William Caxton

William Caxton was England's first printer. He was born on the Kentish coast in the year 1422. Little or nothing is known of his parentage and his ancestry. When Caxton was sixteen years old, he was bound out to one Robert Large of London, a smallwares merchant. The apprenticeship came to an abrupt end in 1441, upon the passing of his master, and Caxton went immediately to live in Bruges, Belgium.

History leaves a gap in his life—for his doings after his departure and until 1462 are without chronicle. But from that year until 1470 Caxton was chief executive of an adventurous company of traders, chartered by the British crown to operate in foreign lands. Caxton learned the printer's calling in Bruges, under the tutelage of Colard Mansion, a well-known craftsman of his time.

It had been affirmed that Caxton printed in Bruges the first book done in English—using Mansion's press for the purpose. This was a translation of a history of Troy by Raul le Fevre and it was produced in 1474. The following year he printed "The Game and Playe of the Cheese." "The Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers" was the first piece of printing done on English soil—its publication date was November 18, 1477.



## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Margaret Shilton, the very clever young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shilton, has just returned home from a very pleasant sojourn of a week with relatives in and around Orangeville.

Remember to flock to our annual picnic at Port Dalhousie on Saturday, July 16th, or you are in for a big loss. Rumor is afloat that a ball team of deaf residents of Toronto will clash with a team of the best outside ball players, so come and see the pillet mauled and perhaps "His Umps," too.

A few weeks ago, Mr. John Buchan and a night clerk exchanged positions for the sole purpose of giving the latter a chance to practice on the rowing course, for the coming Henley regatta and sculling classic on the historic Thames over the pond, but now friend John has returned to his old job on the day staff at the Union Station postoffice.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Tate and young son motored up to Mrs. Tate's old home in Hamilton, where they spent the week-end of June 18th with relatives and friends.

A good bunch of friends were entertained to tea at "Mora Glen," on June 23d, in honor of Miss Hazel Sackett and Mr. Lawrence Barton, who will be united in marriage on July 22d, and who are close friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts. One of the other guests was Mr. Vincent McGivney, who, although he can hear and speak, is very anxious to learn the sign-language and can already converse in that way quite fluently. He is acquainted with a good many of the deaf, hence his ardent desire to talk by the same methods as they do.

Mr. Frank E. Harris is due to speak at the service for the deaf in Oshawa on July 10th. Mr. Norman Gleadow, of Hamilton, goes to London on July 17th, and Mrs. A. S. Waggoner, also of Hamilton, speaks in Sarnia on July 31st, so large turnouts should greet these very able speakers at each respective place.

Our young friend, Mr. Harvey Henderson and his father, Owen Spent Sunday, June 26th, with us here, and Harvey was an interested onlooker at the Wagoner service that afternoon.

Another of those five dollars excursions that run up from Montreal periodically, was run off over the week-end of June 25th, and among the three thousand who patronized this cheap snare were our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson, and no sooner had they arrived here that Saturday morning, when they asked for the privilege of joining in the jolly outing to Lakeside Park at Oshawa, and were warmly welcomed. From their own expressions they sure had a good time, meeting scores of newly made friends. On their return from the park, they hurried to the station and caught the midnight train for a visit to Hamilton. At noon next day they returned here to attend the Wagoner meeting and afterwards had tea at "Mora Glen." They finally left for their home down in the Canadian Metropolis at midnight Sunday, after enjoying a week-end of solid enjoyment. As Mr. Dickson is a graduate of a Scotland School for the Deaf, and Mrs. Dickson comes from England, many of our deaf who hail from overseas were especially glad to see them once more. They were warmly feted while here and we all hope they will visit us again ere long.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. William Law, of Hamilton, is recovering nicely since she met with a very painful fall down a flight of stairs and broke her leg last February. She was formerly Miss Maria Terrell, a hearing sister of our deaf friends, Mrs. John L. Smith, Mrs. Francis Bolduc, Mr. John Terrell, and the late Mrs. Wm. Nurse, and the late Messrs. William and Benjamin Terrell. Although not deaf, Mrs. Law is an expert in our notational language. We hear Mr. and Mrs. Law may move to Victoria, B. C., for good, but all depends on how she recovers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and family motored down to Bowmanville, where they attended a grand garden party at Hampton, Mrs. Groom's former home, on June 25th, and remained there and in Oshawa over that week-end. We understand friend Harry was one of the sports officials at this gala fete.

Upwards of seventy of the deaf of this city took in the first annual picnic of the Central Ontario Association of the Deaf, held at Oshawa on June 25th, and as the chairman, Mr. Elwood McBrien, of Peterboro, and other officers were not present, the real program was not carried out, yet all had a wonderful time in various ways. A more comprehensive write-up will appear in your next issue.

Mr. Douglas Peel, of Winona, was in our midst over the week-end of June 25th.

The social and reception for the young scholars just returned from Belleville, and their relatives and friends, held at our church on June 24th, broke all previous records as regards attendance and enthusiasm. There were in the neighborhood of 130 present and the youngsters were not

only a very happy crowd, but their relatives saw for themselves the wonderful advantages the sign-language is to the deaf, and one young mother could not help but remark: "My boy seems to be more talkative to his playmates in the signs and I now see its great and beautiful advantages." Among the many visitors we had that evening we were so pleased to welcome Mrs. Charles Pollard, the youngest and talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Smith. She was accompanied by her only child, Orville Pollard, a brilliant young gentleman, who is fast pushing his way into the calcium glare of the literary world. The Pollards had not seen our church before and evinced great interest in its beauty, size and usefulness.

On June 18th, 1912, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall Jaffray first ventured upon the matrimonial waters, and no wonder they did, for genial Arthur took for his partner a member of the Waters family, in the person of Miss Marion Waters, and have been sailing along serenely. On June 18th last, they came to the twentieth milestone in their "United Frigate," but allowed the day to pass into oblivion, as though of no account, but their friends to the number of about twenty and five thought otherwise, so brought them to task by giving them an unexpected job in the form of a surprise party. To breeze away all suspicion this affair came off on June 22d, and proved a complete success in every way. A very delightful evening was spent in a social way, with a delightful cat to appease their only troubles. Short congratulatory speeches were added to the fun of the evening by Messrs. Shilton, Grooms, Roberts and Watt, with a reply from the Jaffrays in thankful strains.

On leaving for their various homes the well wishers left at the Jaffray home on Manor Road West, a beautiful China breakfast set, as a reminder of how well this happy couple are thought of.

Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, came down to this city on June 25th, and accompanied our contingent to the big picnic at Oshawa, then remained over night at "Mora Glen." The following afternoon she gave a very powerful and interesting sermon at our service, before a very good turnout. Taking for her subject Faithless Fear, she launched upon the ills of this life and the great depression we are now passing through. It seemed as though this was a God-sent measure to test our faith, and fervently urged us to renew our faith in the One Great Giver of all things with increasing vigor, and if we do so these trying times will soon be superceded by brighter opportunities. With inspiring charm, Mrs. Waggoner also rendered this heart touching solo, "I Can't Help but Love Him, because He Loves Me More"—so wonderfully was it rendered that a visitor from Montreal afterwards remarked, "How graceful, how cool she stood throughout. How beautiful her poise and captivating charm." After the service was over, Mrs. Waggoner added a little more, by urging us to put on our armor and defend our natural heritage, the sign-language, against its arch-enemy "Pure Oralism." Those who advocate pure oralism do not know the true value of the sign-language and its wonderful conveying and enlightening powers. How could the deaf understand an ordinary minister speaking from the pulpit, without his expression being conveyed into their minds by the sign-language? The speakers remarks on this matter brought forth overwhelming approval.

### BOBCAYGEON BRIEFS

Warmest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Preston, of Peterboro, upon the recent arrival of a young daughter, and all's well at the Preston home.

Mr. Stanley B. Wright is still working down at Tichborne, but is expected back on his old job here with the advent of the summer tourist trade.

As Bobcaygeon is a noted summer resort, snugly nestled among the Kawartha Lakes, the great number of summer cottages are beginning to fill up for the coming season.

Mrs. Stanley B. Wright went out to Kimmount on June 20th, and on the way back, made a call on her daughter, Gussie. It was a most delightful trip through the lake regions and rugged country.

### HAMILTON HAPPENINGS

We are all much pleased to meet the many Hamilton pupils now home from the Belleville school.

Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, was the Ontario Mission representative at the unusually large gathering in Centenary United Church on Sunday, June 19th. Mr. Bell gave a very good and interesting sermon, taking as his subject "What have ye seen in Thy house?" II Kings. His sermon was much enjoyed and all expressed the hope that Mr. Bell will come again before long.

Miss Irene Stoner, of St. Thomas, stopped over here on her way home from school to visit her relatives in this city and attended the Bell service.

Mr. Howard Lloyd, of Brantford, dropped in to spend a half hour with the Gleadows, on his way home from Toronto on Sunday evening, June 19th.

We were pleased to meet these out-of-town visitors at the service conducted by Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa; Mr. Clarence McPeake, of Toronto; Mr. John R. Newell, of Milton; Mr.

Robert Randall, of Paris; and Mr. Douglas Peel, of Winona.

Mrs. Howard Breen has just returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives in Toronto. She later returned to the "Queen City" for a day, with the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends of this city. Mrs. Breen has become a social member of this society.

A farewell surprise party was given Miss Bluestein on the 22d of June, in honor of her marriage to Mr. W. Abrams, of Toronto, on June 26th. As her parents, brothers and sisters, live here, we hope to see her once in a while on her visits home to her people. This bright young couple have our very best wishes for a happy married life.

The plans for our annual picnic, to be held by members of Centenary United Church, are now under way and will be held in the same place as previously, Dundurn and Harvey Park, and notice of the definite date will appear in your next issue.

### WYOMING WAVES

Mr. William Wark and daughter, Jean, went up and attended the MacDonald meeting in Sarnia on June 12th, and afterwards called to see Mr. Stephen Baines at the Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Mrs. William Wark, with her son, Eric, and daughter, Jean, spent June 19th very pleasantly at the home of Miss Edith Squires in Petrolia. Edith is in fine trim, but is sometimes lonely without deaf company.

Old-timers may understand that Mr. Stephen Baines is still at the Home for the Aged, looking fine and fat, but hardly able to walk without the aid of his two canes, on which he depends when moving about.

All the deaf throughout this section should bear in mind that Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, will be the speaker at the service in Sarnia on July 31st, and as she is well liked by all, she may look for a very good turnout.

### WINDSOR WINDUPS

The children of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Crough, of Walkerville, who have been laid up with the mumps during the past few weeks, are now up and around again.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau had the pleasure of entertaining eight of the latter's cousins at tea on the evening of June 12th, and all had a pleasant time. The visitors all came from Detroit, Mich.

Another child came to grace the family circle of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Yeager, of this city, a short time ago. The mother was formerly Miss Mabel Smith, of Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Albert Berthiaume, of Detroit, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, over the week-end of June 11th. Another bunch of Detroit friends, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meck and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hugel and family, also spent that Sunday at the Charboneaus.

We hear that the father of Mrs. Leon Laporte, of Detroit, is very ill at his home in Carp, Ont., at the time of writing, but we hope he takes a change for the better soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Payne have returned from their honeymoon, spent in Toronto and elsewhere down that way, and are now solving the problems of home affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, with their son, Jerome, and daughter, Theresa, went down to Tecumseh on June 19th and spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Laporte, of that place.

### HAMILTON HUMORLITES

Mrs. Miles was so happy to meet her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson, of Montreal, on June 26th, and regretted their stay was so brief. The Dicksons greatly missed the late Mrs. Ervine, the beloved deaf mother of Mrs. Miles.

We deeply sympathize with Mr. John A. Braithwaite, of Windsor, in the recent death of his youngest sister, Laura, who was a very prominent and well-known lady of this city. Mr. Braithwaite was down to the funeral, and afterwards called on some of the deaf. Mrs. Waggoner was one of those who attended the funeral of his sister, and was astonished at the large turnout and the number of prominent personages. The deceased leaves a husband and family to mourn her loss. This is Mr. Braithwaite's second sister to pass beyond these shadows inside of a year.

Mr. John A. Moynihan, late of Waterloo, has returned from his sojourn with relatives in the States, and at this writing, is visiting in this city. He and Mr. Waggoner were at the Miles home when the Dicksons of Montreal called, and what a happy bunch were they.

Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner is loud in her voicing of the good time she had at the picnic in Oshawa and in Toronto over the week-end of June 25th. She feels very grateful to her many friends, who treated her so kindly and generously while away in the above named cities.

### KITCHENER KINDLINGS

Felick Sheff, who has just graduated from the Belleville school, has secured a position with his brothers, who run a laundry in Waterloo. We trust he makes the grade at his new duties.

There were eleven boys and girls belonging to this city who recently returned from the Belleville school. They are looking very well, and are glad to be home again.

Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, of Preston, was the guest of Mrs. Newton Black lately. Her presence in our midst following a long illness, due to a serious operation, is a blessing for which we are very thankful.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gottlieb and their youngest son, of Detroit, Mich., were in this city over the week-end of June 26th, having motored down to attend the funeral of Mrs. Anna Cairnes. A few of their deaf friends were also at the funeral.

Messrs. Wallace and Clarence Nahrang, sons of Mr. Allan Nahrang, have returned home from the Belleville school, and were out at their aunt's for a week on the farm, recently.

The mother and sister of Mrs. A. Martin were up from Toronto for a few weeks lately. The mother looks well.

Mr. Gordon Meyer has been laid off for over a month already at the Snider Furniture Company in Waterloo, owing to slackness. He is now working for his father on the latter's farm out near Centerville.

The deaf of Kitchener and surrounding country will hold their annual picnic at Waterloo on Civic Holiday—August 1st—and extend a cordial welcome to all their friends to come and have a good time.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Lucille Moynihan, Mr. Gordon Meyer took in his car some of our young boys and girls out to Elmira for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe, and all report having a good time.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson and family, and Mr. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, motored out with a friend to Raglan the other Sunday, where they had a pleasant time with relatives and friends.

We extend hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. J. Ormiston, of Consul, Sask., upon the advent of twin boys to bless their home, being born on May 25th last. Mr. Ormiston is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston, of Raglan, Ont.

There was a meeting of the London Deaf Association at the home of Mr. John F. Fisher recently, to formulate plans for the monster Labor Day picnic. As there was no criticism over the last picnic, all were satisfied with the officers, and evidenced this by reelecting Mrs. A. H. Cowan as chairman and Miss Sophia Fishbein as secretary-treasurer. The two ladies accepted the honor with graceful thanks, and said they would work with renewed confidence. Particulars will be given later.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

### A Man Who Samples Snow

At the top of Mt. Rose, which is 10,800 feet high, and overlooks all of Lake Tahoe near Reno, Nev., stands, writes a contributor, the meteorographic station of Dr. J. E. Church, Jr. With the help of various boys, Dr. Church built and equipped the little hut there like a ship's cabin set firmly in the loose rocks at the very summit, and now each year boys take the measurement of snow for him along the courses that he has laid out, and read his instruments, which are self-recording for a month or more at a time.

His system of snow sampling, which enables him to predict for the ranchers and the power companies of the valleys the amount of water that they may expect in any season, is only now beginning to be accepted in California, in British Columbia, and other places where such forecasts are important, though he has been carrying on his experiments for twenty years. His snow sampler, which he has invented and perfected, is a long tube of light steel made in convenient sections that can be forced down through the earth to any depth.

From the top of the mountain he lays out a course on which measurements of the depth of the snow are to be taken every fifty or one hundred feet for perhaps a mile. At least two boys make the trip together, one for each end of the tape, which must be kept in a reasonably straight line; the course surveyed must be virtually the same every season and each month in a season. When they have forced the sampler down through the snow, which is often as hard as ice, and pulled up with a core of the snow inside of it, they weigh the contents on a scale carried for that purpose, and make a note of what the bottom of the core shows, whether sand, bits of sagebrush or lichens from the rocks, so that the kind of ground on which the snow lies may be taken into account in the calculations.

The instruments at the top and at other carefully chosen places in the vicinity record the temperatures, the barometric pressures, the wind velocities and the amount of precipitation, for all of whose elements must be considered in the general forecasts for the season. At Contact Pass, some 2,000 feet below the summit, there is a refuge hut of tar-covered bags filled with sand, that is often a welcome stopping place for the measurers, especially in winter.

Dr. Church's own sons and other boys make frequent summer trips to restock the two cabins, repair the instruments and otherwise keep things in good order. In the summer also Dr. Church and others sometimes take parties of teachers and students to the top, where in the tiny cabin there are two bunks with plenty of covers of rabbit fur, a stove, a table, and room for sleeping on the floor. He maintains that mountain climbing with a purpose, such as the climbing that he has been doing on Mt. Rose for so many years, is even more enjoyable than mountain climbing for sheer sport, and he has converted to his view some hundreds of those who have shared his work.

### Pacific Northwest Services

EPISCOPAL

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary

Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M.; Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, 10th Avenue and E. Sales Street, Tacoma; July 10th, Christ Church, 1:15 P.M.

## New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

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## BRONX DIVISION, No. 92 N. F. S. D.

announces their

## Annual Picnic

on

Saturday, August 6, 1932

(Afternoon and Evening)

at

HOFFMAN'S PARK AND CASINO

Havemeyer and Haviland Aves., Unionport, N. Y.

Directions to park—Bronx (Lexington or 7th Avenue) subway to 177th Street Station, then take 180th Street Crosstown trolley marked Unionport, get off at Havemeyer Avenue

## BOWLING

Cash prizes to individuals scoring highest scores. Ladies invited to participate. Trophy to the highest scoring team from any N. F. S. D. Division

MUSIC, DANCING, GAMES AND MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS

Beautiful prizes to the winners of the Dance Contest

Tickets, - - - 50 cents

ANTHONY DI GIOVANNI, Chairman

## INCOME INSURANCE INVESTMENT

LIFE INCOMES

From \$10.00 to \$1,000.00 a month

Beginning at ages 50, 55, 60, 65

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From \$1,000 to \$25,000 Cash

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Has Paid More Money To Policyholders Than Any Other Company

## HARRY KURZ

Agent

Office: 233 Broadway, Suite 1060, N. Y. C.

Residence: 1466 Wilkins Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

## Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Michael Cavolino, 28-21 48th Street, Astoria, L. I.

Reserved for Ball

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

March 18th, 1933

ED. BAUM, Chairman

Reserved for

WESTCHESTER DIV. NO. 114

N. F. S. D.

November 12, 1932

Reserved for

Manhattan Div. No. 87

November 26, 1932

Reserved for Picnic

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

August 27, 1932

Reserved for the

CHARITY BALL

of the B. H. S. D.

March 25, 1933

RAIN OR SHINE

## PICNIC and GAMES

Auspices of



Brooklyn Division

No. 23 N. F. S. D.

## ULMER PARK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Take B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue Station, then walk to the park

AFTERNOON and EVENING

Saturday, August 27, 1932

Gates open at 1 o'clock

BASEBALL GAME (Teams to be announced later)

FIELD EVENTS

440 YARD DASH ONE-MILE RUN ONE-MILE RELAY  
880 YARD WALK 100 YARD DASH TUG-OF-WAR

Games for Ladies and Children

DANCING—UNSURPASSED MUSIC

Admission, - - - 50 Cents

Those desiring to participate in Games, should write for particulars to AARON FOGEL, chairman, 3019 East Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## UP THE HUDSON

DELIGHTFUL THREE AND HALF HOUR SAIL TO

## Hook Mountain

ON CHARTERED

Steamer "CRESCENT"

Auspices of

DEAF-MUTES'



UNION LEAGUE

35-43 West 125th St., New York City

Sunday, August 7th, 1932

Boat Leaves Pier A, Battery, at 9:00 A.M. Sharp.

MOVIES WILL BE TAKEN ABOARD AND ASHORE

ABOARD—Hurricane Deck, Dancing, Games, Card Parties, Eats, Drinks. ASHORE—Picnic Grove, Music, Bathing. Baseball game between Brooklyn Frats, No. 23, and another leading team to be selected later.

Tickets—Adults \$1.25. Children (2 to 12 yrs.) 60c

In case of rain, trip will be postponed to a later date. Notices will be mailed to all ticket holders.

Mail your reservations now to Entertainment Committee or reserve yours through a member. Number is limited to ship's capacity.

TO GET TO THE BOAT—Lexington Ave. Subway to Bowling Green. Seventh Ave. to South Ferry. B. M. T. to Whitehall St. Sixth and Ninth Ave. "L" to Battery Place. COMMITTEE RESERVES ALL RIGHTS

## Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round.

Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortimer, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 43 West 125th Street, New York City

## Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS  
October 29—Hallowe'en Party. Miss Avis Allen.  
November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams  
December 17—Christmas Festival.  
Mrs. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman

## PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.